

a trick is something a whore does for money

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a trick is something a whore does for money

by [TrekFaerie](#)

Summary

Ford didn't know how Lee had supported himself through hard times. Then he gets some first-hand experience.

Notes

so i said i was gonna write a fic based on [this ask](#) and a baratheon always pays their debts. or something. it's so late. i'm so sleepy.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

He didn't know why he'd expected Lee to just give up, just accept that his time in Gravity Falls was limited and walk away. No, he didn't know why he'd expected Lee to be anything but his old stubborn self...

"You can't do this to me! You think I can go back to the way I was before, at this age?"

Of all the things to try to convince him with... He rubbed the bridge of his nose under his glasses. "I didn't know being a con artist had an age limit," he said dryly. "You seem to be doing pretty well for yourself here--"

"You think a sixty-something year old man can suck dicks for a living and still make it out there? You're out of your mind!"

He froze. He stared at Stanley, who was breathing heavy and staring at him with such unmitigated fury...

"Y-You... You said you were doing..." He swallowed hard around the lump in his throat. "I thought you were okay..."

"Yeah, you thought wrong. Sometimes you can't move any product and the rent for your seedy motel room is due and you have to go peddle your ass to some Colombian drug trafficker and his goons. That's just life, Ford! That's life outside of your little ivory fucking tower--"

Ford reached out and grabbed his brother by the shoulders, shaking him roughly. "You could've come to me!" he said, voice strained. "I would've helped you!"

"Pfft. Oh, yeah, I'm just gonna call on the guy who let Dad kick me out when I'm in trouble. He has such a good track record with that kind of thing!" Lee pushed him away, getting an eerily pleased look on his face when Ford's back hit the wall hard enough to knock the breath out of him. "It's not like you weren't talking about kicking me out five minutes ago!"

"Do you think I'm some sort of monster?"

A short silence that dragged on even longer. "I'm not answering that question," he said in a huff.

"I'm not. Nothing makes up for what you did to me, to my life, but... God damn it, you're my *brother*, Lee! I'm not gonna let my twin brother get so low in life that he has to... has to..."

"Suck. Dick."

The eerie look stayed on Lee's face as he closed in on Ford, forcing him further back against the wall. "That's what I did, Ford. I sucked dick for money. And, hey, I was pretty good at it, too! Better than I ever was at selling things other than my body!"

"Lee, stop this--"

"I bet you don't believe me! And why would you? It's not like I've ever been of use to anybody my whole life, right? Well, maybe if I show you what I got--"

"Lee, *please*--"

"-- you'll think of keeping me around!"

Lee had his pants around his knees before he even finished speaking. Ford couldn't move. All he could focus on was his brother, on his knees, in front of him.

He was already half-hard, tenting his underwear. And he *hated* himself for it.

Lee didn't speak much after that, too busy mouthing Ford's cock through his briefs, turning the fabric clear with spit and pre-cum. The self-loathing churning the stomach acid into his throat wasn't the reason he pushed Lee's head away-- no, but it was definitely caused by his slipping his thumbs into his waistband and pushing them down his thighs.

He'd shut his eyes in embarrassment, and when he opened them again, Lee was staring up at him.

And then, he *grinned*. The little shit.

Lee's fingers traced the scars on his legs, his hips, from years of fighting in alternate dimensions. He nuzzled his head against skin mottled by time, and then-- of all things-- kissed it.

And then he grinned *again*. The little *shit*.

Ford concentrated on the all-important task of keeping his legs from giving out underneath him as Lee took the head of his cock into his mouth, sucking it down inch by inch until his chin was flush with Ford's balls. Every shuddering gasp, every muted whine, made Lee smile like a cat with cream around the thickness in his mouth-- and when hitting the back of his brother's throat forced Ford to bite his arm to quiet a scream, he actually *laughed*, which didn't help matters much.

It had been *so* many years. So many years since he'd seen his brother, since he'd felt the intimate touch of another human being, since he'd felt, well, *loved*... It was really to be expected that he came much sooner than he would've liked. Lee pressed his shaking hips against the wall as he swallowed around him, but let go once he pulled his mouth off, letting Ford fall to a trembling heap on the floor. He collapsed next to him, resting on his forearms and breathing heavy, as he had before, but for entirely more pleasant reasons.

That was the only sound. Their breathing.

"You know," he said, after a while, "if we're being perfectly honest, you could probably still get business, even with your age."

A fist lightly socked him in the hip, and he looked down to see Lee grinning and rolling his eyes, even as he wiped a stray drop of cum off his chin. "Aw, you kidder."

"No, I mean it! I really do."

"That's the first compliment I've gotten out of you in forty years," he said, reaching up and cupping Ford's face. "C'mere."

They kiss, and Ford tastes himself.

End Notes

fun parting note: based on the setting of the story, Mabel and Dipper are upstairs listening to the whole thing.

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